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Flabbergastronomy



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Chapter 1 by Joseph Kinman

It's our first date and it's raining. I forgot an umbrella and I'm soaked but she's dry from hunkering under my jacket. Man could this get any worse. How many days have I been looking forward to this with great anticipation? Nervousness building concurrent with excitement and dread. A bright side - she will not see my sweaty pit stains. She's beautiful tonight. She's modestly dressed in a blue dress that reaches to the floor. She has blue earrings and her shoes match as well. She's wearing heels. Someone I've dreamed about so long. Finally. I have a chance.

Thunder claps outside. No, not a sign. Good or bad for that matter.

Ok. She seems genuinely happy despite everything so far. This could turn in to something great. Her food just arrived - an orange and fennel salad. A plate of hot wings is placed directly in front of me. A contradiction begins to stir in your mind. Someone so absorbed in this night would have thought the meal through, but no. He did not think the meal through. I did not think the meal through. So I ordered hot wings as the appetizer. It's only four wings, big deal.

Our conversation continues on, moments of silence that are awkward occasion us, and a spontaneous thought picks things back up.

The main course arrives and we split the grilled fish and vegetables.

About this time a pressure begins to build within my intestine. I almost let one rip but force it shut. Go away, go away, go away.

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earnestness.

The dessert arrives - we split a chocolate raspberry torte and both have a coffee.

Both of us seem satisfied completely. The night could not have gone any better. I pay for the bill and escort her out to my single cab 1991 Mazda B2200 with no air conditioning or heat. The electric windows have long since died in the up position. As before I walk her out underneath my jacket and let her in the truck.

As I'm turning on the truck, she looks at me and says that that was the most wonderful dinner ever.

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